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1850

I'm Sitting by the Stile Mary

George Barker

Lady Dufferin

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Recommended Citation
Barker, George and Lady Dufferin, "I'm Sitting by the Stile Mary" (1850). *Historic Sheet Music Collection.* Paper 827.
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I'M SITTING BY THE STILE MARY

(Song of the Irish Emigrant)

WRITTEN BY

LADY DUFFERIN

BY

G. BARKER.

BOSTON *Published by* OLIVER DITSON, *115 Washington St.*

ANDANTE.

Ritard:

Joyously.

I'm sit-ting by the stile Ma-ry where we sat side by side, On a

bright May morning long a-go when first you were my bride; The

corn was springing fresh and green and the lark sang loud and high, And the

red was on your lip Ma-ry and the love light in your eye.

The place is little chang'd Ma-ry the

f *p*

day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear and the

Ritard: A Tempo.

corn is green a gain; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and the

Ritard:

p A Tempo.

breath warm on your cheek, And I still keep list'ning to the words you

p

ne-ver more may speak, you never more may speak.

2nd VERSE.

With mournful Expression, and a little slower.

I'm ve-ry lonely now Ma-ry for the

f

p

With Enthusaism.

poor make no new friends But oh they love the better still the

f *p* Ritard:

few our fa - ther sends; And you were all I had Ma - ry my

f *p*

Ritard:

blessing and my pride There's nothing left to care for now since

p

my poor Ma - ry died. I'm

p *f*

Slower.

bidding you a long farewell my Ma - ry kind and true, But I'll

f *p* A Tempo

not for-get you dar - ling in the land I'm go - ing to; They

p

Ad lib:

f

say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines always there, But I'll

pp

With great force and Enthusaism.

Agitato.

ne'er forget old Ire - land were it fif - ty times as fair, were it fifty times as fair.

ff